

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

Horticultural Society



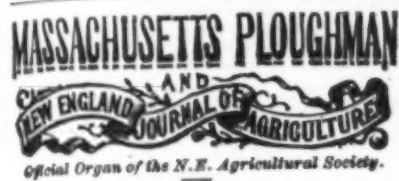
JOURNAL OF

AGRICULTURE

VOL. XLVIII - NO. 13

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1888.

WHOLE NO. 2458



MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN
NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE
Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society.
LINUS DARLING,
Proprietor.
ISSUED WEEKLY AT
PLOUGHMAN BUILDING, 45 MILK ST., BOSTON.
TERMS: \$2.00 per annum in advance. \$3.00 if not paid in advance. Postage Free. Single copies FIVE CENTS.
No paper discontinued except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.
The PLOUGHMAN offers great advantages to advertisers. Its circulation is large and among the most active and intelligent portion of the community.
Correspondence from practical farmers giving the results of their experience is solicited. Letters should be signed with the writer's real name in full, and will be printed or not at the writer's wish.
TERMS OF ADVERTISING:—One square of eight lines, one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion, 50 cts.

AGRICULTURAL.

The State Granges.

We give considerable space this week to reports of the Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine grange meetings, believing that they will prove interesting to our readers.

It is a hopeful sign of the times that even in so discouraging a season as the past one has been to the farmers of New England, they still have courage enough, and reserved capital enough to carry them through a hard season, and even to be ready to avail themselves of the many improvements and changes which the progressive farmer finds himself obliged to use in order to keep pace with the times. The only great obstacle in the way of the rapid improvement of the farmer's condition is his comparative isolation, and the difficulty which must attend any combined action of men whose daily duties in caring for their stock and crops demand their constant and undivided attention at home, and makes it rather difficult, if not quite impossible, to attend meetings of his fellow craftsmen for mutual protection and advantage.

The grange has done much, and we believe is destined to do much more in the future in the way of overcoming such obstacles. In providing opportunities for social recreation, for discussion of improved methods of working, for mutual insurance against fire, for combined action in buying supplies at the lowest cash prices, and for requesting of our legislators just laws to protect the rights of the farmer, in all these most important uses the grange is beginning to be felt as a powerful combination of the leading men of the most numerous craft in our country, and for the generally most wise and judicious use of this power, the grange and its leaders deserve much praise. As the only existing organization of farmers having national importance, the grange is worthy of the most hearty support of all true farmers.

North Middlesex Institute.

The Middlesex North Agricultural Society held an institute at the town hall in Groton on Friday, Dec. 21. The services commenced at ten o'clock in the forenoon with an attendance of about a hundred, all being representative men and women from the several towns embraced in this organization. The president, A. C. Farnum, Esq., of Lowell, made an opening address and introduced Col. Daniel Needham, President of the Groton Farmers' Club, under whose invitation the Institute was being held at Groton, who made an address of welcome. Col. Needham compared Groton in its earlier history with the Groton of today. He set forth that the wealth of the town was the result of its agricultural industries and that the value of the lands since the town settlement had been steadily increasing on account of increased capacity of production. He set forth that although the present had been to an extent a disastrous year yet the lands of the farmers had suffered no depreciation in value while the public securities of the country representing railroad, manufacturing and mechanical industries had been subjected to a loss of from thirty to seventy per cent.

Hon. Wm. B. Sessions, secretary of the Board of Agriculture followed Col. Needham in an exhaustive paper upon the Dairy. Mr. Sessions gave largely his own experience. He said coming from western Massachusetts, he could not lay down rules for eastern Massachusetts but to an extent the same rules might be made applicable. He had never before visited Groton, and he was impressed with the richness of its lands and the high cultivation of its farms.

At the afternoon session, Mr. King of Danvers, Mr. Hadwen of Worcester, F. N. Boutwell of Groton, Mr. Warren of Chelmsford, Mr. Chardon of Lowell and many others

took part in the discussion. The alto came in for much consideration and the general expression was favorable for this new process of storing food for our domestic animals.

The meetings were enlivened by frequent songs by the Groton Grange choir. Dinner was served by the ladies, free, in the lower town hall. One hundred and more were seated at the tables at a time.

The Farmers' Club provided covered carriages and escorts and took their guests about the town and to visit several of the leading dairy and stock farms. Brief visits were also made to the public schools and the young people entertained their guests by singing, declamations and other exercises.

Black Rot in Grapes.

From Bulletin No. 7 of the Department of Agriculture at Washington we copy the following suggestions for treating grapevines to prevent the disease known as Black Rot:—

A careful examination of the facts will justify the statement that the vines that were partially free had been sprayed before any appearance of Black Rot on the leaves. Everywhere where applications were made after the leaves were attacked by the parasite they gave no marked result. The leaves once attacked it seemed almost impossible to prevent the disease from getting to the fruit, and this is the essential part.

We consider this as a very important observation, for we have frequently insisted upon the fact that Black Rot first attacks the leaves, and not until later, save in rare cases, does the disease communicate itself to the fruit. Now the first appearance of Black Rot on the leaves, is likely to occur during the second half of May; it is necessary that the first treatment with copper salts should be completed by May 15, the more so the period of incubation may be from eight to twelve days. We fear that the treatments undertaken the present year have been made without taking this important fact into account, and consequently we will be unable to draw any exact conclusions from them.

During the past season (1888) the value of the salts of copper in treating Black Rot, but doubtfully indicated by our experiments in 1887, has been fully demonstrated. Of the several preparations employed—Bordeaux mixture, eau celeste, ammoniacal carbonate of copper, and sulphate—has given by far the best results.

The formula of the Bordeaux Mixture is as follows:—

Dissolve 16 pounds of sulphate of copper in 22 gallons of water; in another vessel slake 30 pounds of lime in 6 gallons of water. When the latter mixture has cooled it is slowly poured into the copper solution, care being taken to mix the fluids thoroughly by constant stirring. It is well to have this compound prepared some days before it is required for use. It should be well stirred before applying.

Numerous modifications in the preparation of this compound have been suggested, chiefly for the purpose of reducing the amount of copper.

A solution containing the ingredients in the following proportions has been recommended for general use:—

Sulphate of copper . . . pounds 6
Lime . . . do 6
Water . . . gallons 22

The copper is dissolved in 16 gallons of water, while the lime is slaked in 6 gallons. When cold the solution is mixed as required above.

All have been about equally efficacious in protecting the vines from Mildew (*Peronospora*), and it is difficult at this time to account for the diversity of action. In respect to the latter disease, however, the results obtained where the Bordeaux mixture has been properly applied, both in this country and in France, are so clear that we have no hesitation in saying that the Black Rot is conquered. It may now be combated successfully and by a method, that is economical and perfectly practical in vineyards of the largest size.

A detailed account of experiments made the past season will be published in a special bulletin on the subject; it will suffice to briefly summarize the experiments made by our special agent, Alex. W. Pearson, at Vineland, N. J.

The applications were made with the Eureka sprayer, May 29, June 4 and 21, July 2 and 11. The variety selected for treatment was the Concord. On the untreated vines, Rot appeared on the leaves June 8, on the fruit June 27, and by July 15, more than three-fourths of the berries had been destroyed by the disease. There were no signs of Black Rot on the vines treated with the Bordeaux mixture—6 pounds sulphate of copper, 4 pounds lime,

22 gallons of water—previous to July 20. Soon after this date these vines showed slight signs of the disease, particularly on bunches that were hidden under masses of foliage, where the spray from the pump could not easily reach them; the most exposed bunches—those most easily sprayed—remained wholly free from the disease, a striking proof of the efficacy of the treatment.

By July 30 there was considerable Rot on the treated vines, evidently the result of a recent attack, as none of the diseased berries were yet blackened or shriveled. On the untreated vines one could scarcely find a bunch with more than a half dozen sound berries on it. Knowing, as we now do, that the period of incubation, or the time from the moment of infection to that when the disease becomes externally manifest, is from six to eight days, we conclude that the attack of the treated vines occurred about the 20th, or about ten days after the last application was made (July 12). In making the applications no particular care was taken to spray the clusters; the foliage was very thoroughly sprayed, however, and of course the bunches received more or less of the mixture; those clusters which were concealed by the foliage received the least, and, as already stated, these were the first to show signs of Rot. Had special care been taken to spray the bunches, and had another application been made about July 17, we believe, from what was really accomplished, that the protection would have been complete and the loss from Rot practically nothing.

It was learned from the experiments made by Colonel Pearson, who had immediate charge of and personally conducted our experimental work at Vineland, in his own vineyard, that there were two well-marked periods of attack, one about June 22, externally manifest June 27, and another July 18 or 19, becoming apparent July 26. The first period was detected through having bagged the clusters on successive rows of vines, extending the work of bagging over a number of days. On July 30 an examination of those bagged on or before June 21, showed them to be entirely free from Rot, while those enclosed in bags after that date were more or less diseased. The vines sprayed with the Bordeaux mixture entirely escaped this first period of attack. It is interesting to note that they were sprayed June 21. Had this spraying been delayed for a couple of days, the results might have been quite different, for the spores of the fungus, then especially active, would have had time to germinate, penetrate the skin of the berry, and gotten beyond the reach of the fungicide. This is not pure speculation, but a conclusion drawn from a knowledge of the habits of the fungus.

The following experiments made by Colonel Pearson are interesting in this connection: Clusters of grapes bagged before June 21 were unbagged August 1, and left exposed for a few days and then sprayed with the Bordeaux mixture. Within a week these clusters showed a few rotten berries. These were picked off, and up to August 27 no further indication of the disease had appeared. About the middle of August a number of clusters (bagged before June 21) were unbagged and sprayed at once; others were unbagged and left without spraying. The former are yet (August 27) sound, while on the latter Rot specks are now appearing. This experiment gives additional and seemingly conclusive proof of the efficacy of the Bordeaux mixture in combating Black Rot.

In remarking upon the results of our experiments at Vineland Professor Viola says:—

One will see from this that the results obtained in New Jersey, a region bordering the Atlantic, where Black Rot is developed with so great an intensity that the culture of the vine has been abandoned at several points, are to-day conclusive. M. Prillieux has announced in a recent report to the French minister of agriculture analogous effects produced by the Bordeaux mixture against Black Rot in Lot et Garonne, at Aiguillon. The experiments that we have conducted with M. L. Ravaz at Lavado (Lot) are as conclusive as those of Messrs. Prillieux and Scribner.

Thus the suppositions that we announced last year and again at the beginning of the present season, and which were based upon observations made with Mr. Scribner during June, July and August, 1887, in New Jersey, Virginia, Missouri and Texas, have been confirmed.

The results of the treatments are not yet perfect, but for the present they afford the assurance that Black Rot can be effectively overcome by the salts of copper, and that the same applications will serve to prevent the development of mildew and of this disease: the treatment of Black Rot will not therefore occasion any additional labors. The experiments made in France and America demonstrate that it is indispensable to begin the applications before the first appearance of the

disease upon the leaves; they prove also that four or five treatments are necessary, the last to be made just before the berries begin to ripen. . . .

It appears from the reports of both Mr. Scribner and M. Prillieux that the Bordeaux mixture has given better results than the other processes. . . . The discovery of an efficacious course of treatment for Black Rot will permit, perhaps, in the future more or less remote, the development of American viticulture on a new basis.

"Progress Agricole et Viticole for September 2, 1888, p. 206.

The Traction Engine.

Editor of THE PLOUGHMAN:

Your favorable notice of my invention of the traction engine in your issue of the 22d of December, while it set forth its advantages for the western and northwestern grain fields, and also the Connecticut valley, seemed to leave the impression, at least on my mind, that New England could get along without its aid. Desirous of correcting any impression of this nature, I want your readers, especially the New England ones, to know that New England farms can be lifted out of the old rut by the aid of this steam implement when once introduced.

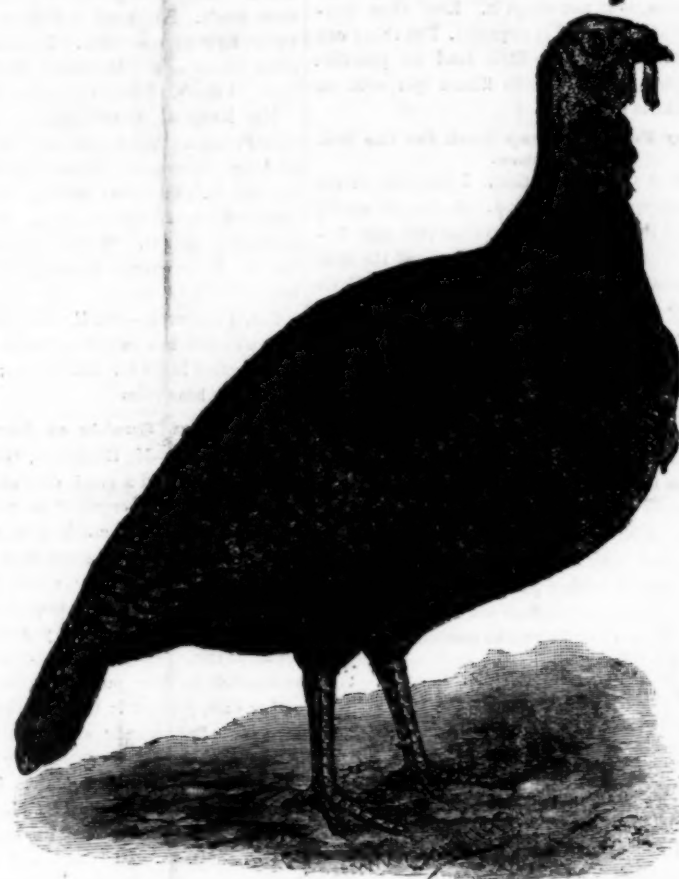
It has been often said to me that New England farmers cannot purchase these machines to any extent. I am aware of this, nor is it the best way to do the heavy work of a neighborhood of farmers can conveniently employ it to do the heavy work of their farms, and put into the care of a party who will give his individual attention to the various uses to which it can be very advantageously used, thus securing its benefits to the many who would not purchase a machine for their individual use, while at the same time they would find its convenient access so beneficial, that the owners of the plants would find a lucrative employment of a most useful kind, and thus greatly advance the general improving of the methods of New England agriculture.

In this way all New England could have the aid of steam power to do the heavy work of the farm and relieve the muscles for other work and give opportunity for improvement.

Yours sincerely, WILLIAM G. CALBRETH, Chelsea, Mass.

THERE is to be a meeting of managers of American Agricultural Colleges and experiment stations at Knoxville, Tenn., January 1-4, 1889. The proceedings at such a meeting cannot fail to be most useful in pointing out proper methods of work so that the work of each institution may help and supplement that of the others and not repeat it at needless expense. It will also be a good opportunity for the station managers to lay plans for increased intimacy with the farmers whose interest they are working to serve.

LIME slaked with a solution of salt in water, and then properly thinned with skim-milk, from which all the cream has been taken, makes a permanent whitewash for outdoor work, and it is said renders the wood incombustible. It is an excellent wash for preserving shingles, and for all farm purposes.



Bronze Turkey Cock "Jumbo," Owned by J. D. Cass, Beloit, Wis.

POULTRY SHOWS.

Old Colony Poultry Association, South Weymouth, Mass., J. E. Gardner, Sec. Box 121, South Weymouth, Mass. Jan. 1-3, 1889.

Meriden Poultry Association, Meriden, Ct., Joshua Shute, Sec. Jan. 1-4, 1889.

Yarmouth Poultry Association, Yarmouth, Me., W. B. Allen, Sec. Jan. 2-4, 1889.

The Rhode Island Poultry Association, Providence, R. I., G. W. Carpenter, Sec. Jan. 7-12, 1889.

South Jersey Poultry Association, Bridgeton, New Jersey, Wm. H. Hainesworth, Sec. Jan. 8-10, 1889.

The Spencer Poultry Club, Spencer, Mass., F. B. Watson, Sec. Jan. 8-10, 1889.

Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, New Bedford, Mass., F. W. Dean, Sec. Jan. 15-19, 1889.

Bay State Poultry Association, Worcester, Mass., H. A. Jones, Sec. Jan. 22-25, 1889.

French Creek Valley Poultry and Pot Stock Association, Venango, Pa., Dr. Wm. M. Johnson, Sec. Jan. 22-25, 1889.

The Pennsylvania State Poultry Society, Philadelphia, Penn., John S. Cole, Sec., Germantown, Pa. Jan. 22-25, 1889.

Androscoggin Poultry and Pot Stock Association, Lewiston, Me., Frank C. Dennis, Sec. Jan. 1889.

Buffalo International Poultry Society, Buffalo, N. Y., Otto Volger, Sec. Jan. 30-Feb. 6, 1889.

The Flavor of Eggs.

When a great deal of chandler's greaves of a rank or musty quality has been fed fowls the flavor is perceptible not only in their flesh but in their eggs. Also the odor of garlic and some other strong-flavored things may be found in the eggs after the poultry has eaten a great deal of such substances. Ordinarily the flavor of the eggs is not effected enough by a change of diet to make any noticeable difference. When hens are fed very largely on milk the yolk is light in color, and the white is less filmy in texture. The more concentrated and nutritious the food the richer and better the eggs. Also the eggs from thrifty fowls at the beginning of the laying, before the fowls' strength has been reduced, are richer and more capable of producing vigorous chickens than near the close of the laying. The reason why fowls fed on "slops," etc., are able to give no better eggs to their owners is because you demand the "tale of brick" of your servants, but you give them no straw to make them with. Curd contains all the best and most nutritious portions of the milk, without its objectionable qualities. But the true feed for laying fowls is one-half or one-quarter Indian corn, ground or otherwise, and oats or wheat, together with milk and whatever scraps from the house are obtainable, and as much green vegetable food as they will eat; and with these, combined and fed properly, your eggs will be of the true gold and silver stamp—when the cook's fire has refined them and prepared them as a relish for your breakfast table.—Poultry World.

The past ten years the hardest varieties of the quince have been subject to blight. It is a difficult thing to cure, but it can be prevented by covering the ground around each tree as far as the limbs extend with an inch deep of hard wood ashes.—Orchard and Garden.

If turkeys or other roots are fed to sheep, they should be cut or sliced up, and a small quantity of bran added, the increased value will pay for the cost of the bran.

THE FARMERS' MEETING

At Ploughman Hall, 45 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., December 22, for the Discussion of "Poultry."

Photographically reported for THE PLOUGHMAN. The Farmers' Meeting, Saturday, Dec. 22, was called to order at ten o'clock by W. D. Philbrick, the agricultural editor of THE PLOUGHMAN, who said that he wished it to be understood that these meetings were managed entirely by the proprietor of THE PLOUGHMAN for the mutual benefit of his paper and of the farmers who choose to attend; that it was hoped that they would be found to be useful. The chairman at the last meeting had stated that they would be conducted in much the same manner as before, but he would not have it understood that we did not expect any improvement. We believe we have improved the paper and we wish to extend the improvement to these meetings.

Mr. W. H. Ridd of Orrocco Farm was then introduced, who read the following essay:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: At the request of our friend, Mr. Darling, I am here at this, my busiest hour of my busiest day in the week, and busiest week in the year, to invite your attention to poultry matters. It is a difficult subject to write or talk about, because already worn so threadbare that little or nothing new can be said in reference to it. It resembles a kaleidoscope, which, as often as shaken, presents new forms to the eye, but which are produced by the same few pieces of glass over and over again. I shall endeavor, in the brief time allotted me, by shaking up, so to speak, some features of the poultry business, to present them in a form which may perhaps interest you. It is a subject with which I am quite familiar, having devoted my time and energies to it exclusively, and given it much of my thought for the past seventeen years.

We are engaged in three branches of the business. First, breeding thoroughbred, improved, high scoring poultry, designed more particularly for breeding stock at comparatively high prices. Second,

Raising Poultry for Market, and third, disposing of our production and also that of others who send their consignments to our commission house in this city, and my statements this morning will be made entirely from daily experience on our own farm and from accurate figures taken from our books at our headquarters on Merchants Row.

Wherever we look, there seems to be one universal motive which actuates all humanity; one incentive to activity which animates them all, whether the surging throng of our crowded thoroughfares, the farmer in the field, the wife in the kitchen, the seamstress with her needle, the mechanic in the shop, the merchant in the counting room, the student, the teacher, the doctor, the lawyer, the clergyman, the missionary in distant lands, His Honor the Mayor, the Board of Aldermen and members of the common council, the president of the nation, senators, representatives, prize fighters, assassins, murderers, thieves, robbers, pirates on the high seas—even the editor of THE PLOUGHMAN, and every other editor on the face of the earth, and alas! the individual who is now addressing you—all have one common object in view, that of making money.

The Almighty Dollar Lubricates the Machinery of the World.

We conduct our poultry farm for the same purpose that we do our commission house, solely to make money. This is the way we get our bread and butter. We should prefer that our incubator room remain unused; that our incubators stand empty and rust out; that our poultry houses and brooder houses remain uninhabited and rot down, than to run them without profit.

A hen with a brood of chickens may delight the child. We might keep a canary or a parrot for company and amusement, but we would not keep poultry on a large scale simply for the fun of it. Our object is solely to make money and we have attempted to discover how to make the most money from the business.

Our Experience is that money can be made from chickens that from eggs, and although want of time prevents us from attempting to prove any of our statements we will briefly illustrate.

The most success we have ever had, even in midwinter and under the most unfavorable conditions, using artificial means, of course, for we employ no other, has been to hatch half the eggs and raise 80 per cent of the chicks; or in other words when the eggs were worth 40 cents a dozen by the case it costs 1-2 cents to hatch each chicken which arrived at marketable age; but it reached one and a half pounds April 1st, when it readily brought 40 cents per pound neither drawn nor headed. As the entire cost of hatching and feeding it did not exceed 25 cents, the profit on each chicken (saying nothing about cost of incubators and brooders) was 35 cents. To recapitulate: Our 100 eggs were worth \$5.33. We hatched 50 chicks and raised 40 of them at a cost of \$6.67, making the total cost \$10.00. The total receipts from 40 chicks at 60 cents each, \$24.00. Difference between selling the chicks and the eggs \$14.00. Or if we have sufficient room and think it desirable, the chicks can be held until the

Last Week in June when they should dress three and one-half pounds each, and bring, within a few cents per pound, as much for broilers, because what few early chicks were raised have already been disposed of for broilers and the market for large roasters is consequently short. They can be carried to this age at an additional cost of 25 cents or less, making their total cost of 60 cents each, and as they

will bring on an average \$1.25 each, the profit on them is \$30. In this case the advantage of setting our eggs instead of selling them is \$26.67 and as neither \$14 nor \$26 grows on every bush, we put it in our pocket at every opportunity.

We cannot raise chicks for market however, on a sufficiently large scale to provide a living income for an ordinary family, so easily by natural as by artificial means. In the first place to have enough brooding hens to hatch so many eggs at the proper time to secure best prices would require a much larger flock than we should care to have. To provide comfortably for a family, pay all bills and have a little surplus you would probably want to raise no less than 2,000 chickens to market age. If you had as poor luck as already supposed, you would have to set 5,000 eggs to do this, and about 382 hens would be required to cover them. Even if many of the hens were set twice—or a second time—enough mothers must be reserved to care for the chickens so that not less than 250 or 300 hens would be required for sitters and mothers. If you could spare so many for this purpose and still have enough left to furnish eggs, you would have a large flock involving much labor.

In the second place, the disagreeable and tedious labor of preparing so many nests and attending to so many sitters and small broods of chickens would be very much more than we should care to perform. We find incubators very much superior to hens in every way. They are always ready, never forsake their eggs nor cease to separate their owner by any of the "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" incident to the average setting hen, but hatch the chicks on the very day they are wanted, free from lice, which is one-half the battle of raising them, and ready for the brooder which contrivance we are vastly more successful with, even in midwinter, than we have ever been with hens.

The Selection of Stock is of the utmost importance if we are to make money—and for the early broilers and roasters we must have a quickly-growing, yellow-meated chicken; one which at the proper age will not have more legs than body. So with ducks, to be profitable they must be of an improved strain which will grow quickly enough to weigh from eight to ten pounds per pair at nine or ten weeks old, and not of a breed which cannot reach that weight until six months old, by which time the price has dropped 60 per cent.

We all know the objections which have been urged against incubators and the chickens and ducks that are hatched in them. So we all know the objections that have been urged against everything new since the memory of man. City water was opposed, gas was opposed, horsecars were opposed, electric cars were opposed and we can well remember a locality where steamers were fought tooth and nail. Almost every, if not every community is blest with a set of old fogies who are chronic fault-finders and kickers "from away back." Nothing is so good in their estimation as it was when they were children, and still farther back in the days of their grandparents. Our modern dwellings lighted by gas, electricity, or improved kerosene lamps, and warmed by furnaces, steam or hot water, they regard as vastly inferior to the homes of their childhood, banked up in winter with seaweed or refuse up to the first windows, where "soon as the evening shades prevailed," a tallow candle rendered the darkness visible, while tiki crowded around the open fireplace roasting their shins and freezing their backs until bedtime, when they went to roost in a large desolate chamber, which would have made an admirable modern "cold storage," lay between icy sheets, the very recollection of which even now, sends a cold chill down our spinal column and almost makes our few remaining teeth chatter in our head.

With Them Nothing Today Is Right.

But everything is wrong, and they find fault with everything and with everybody. They belong to the class described by Talmage in his lecture on "People We Meet," who never seem to be happy unless they are miserable and who go through the world enjoying a kind of miserable happiness or happy miseries.

A friend of ours once happened to be in Quincy market when one of the oldest dealers there was opening a box of lean, blue-meated chickens. "Another lot of worthless incubator chickens," he growled. "Are not incubator chickens as good as any?" inquired our friend.

"No," grunted the old man, "good for nothing. I can tell them as soon as I see them." Now there was no evidence whatever that those chickens were hatched in an incubator. Some breeds of fowls, as everybody knows, have blue or lead-colored legs, and white or blue meat, and feed them as you will the meat will still be blue. Whether chickens are fat or lean yellow or blue depends not upon whether they were hatched in incubators and reared in brooders, or hatched and reared by hens, any more than it depends upon whether they were hatched in Kamtchatka or Patagonia, or whether reared in Dutch ovens or old-fashioned warming pans. It depends upon the food and treatment they receive. But this man was a chronic fault-finder. Even the telephone which connected him with nine-tenths of his customers was too modern a contrivance for him. His sharp, ringing call was too much for his delicate nervous system, and he actually had it taken out and removed. He supposed these chickens were the production of some diabolical modern innovation and he therefore found fault with them as a matter of principle. When he could not find fault with something or somebody, he was not happy, and he would doubtless have found fault even if he was going to be hanged. Let us take for instance

Ducks which are now so generally hatched and reared by artificial means. At our headquarters on Merchants Row, throughout the regular duck season we handle to say the very least, as many of them as any firm in Quincy market, and more than any other commission house in the city, and

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OUR HOMES.

SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Stay ye, my friends, a moment stay—
 Stay till the good old year,
 So long companion of our way,
 Shake hands, and leave us here,
 Oh stay, oh stay,
 One little hour, and then away.

The year, whose hopes were high and strong,
 Has now no hopes to wake;
 Yet one hour more of fest and song
 For his familiar sake.
 Oh stay, oh stay,
 One mirthful hour, and then away.

The kindly year, his liberal hands
 Have lavished all his store;
 And shall we turn from where he stands,
 Because he gives no more?
 Oh stay, oh stay,
 One grateful hour, and then away.

Days brightly came and calmly went,
 While yet he was our guest;
 How cheerfully the week was spent!
 How sweet the seventh day's rest!
 Oh stay, oh stay,
 One golden hour, and then away.

Even while we sing, he smiles his last,
 And leaves our sphere behind.
 The good old year, the good old year,
 Oh be the new as kind!
 Oh stay, oh stay,
 One parting strain, and then away.

MOISETTE.

A Simple Story.

From the French of G. de LADELLE.

There was great excitement at the house of Marianne Fervin, in the hamlet of Claires. The little girl entrusted to her care by the Foundling Asylum had disappeared.

Less than a quarter of an hour before, she was playing in the garden. All the gates and entrances were closed; Marianne had been absent only a short time and her first care on returning was to call the little girl. No child was to be seen! Lost! Kidnapped! stolen! Fervin, who was a day laborer, on returning from his work found his wife in despair.

The family, much esteemed in the canton, had taken upon itself, with the aid of a small monthly payment, the care of the little girl, who, at this time was scarcely more than two years old.

First of all, Fervin helped Marianne search the house. They examined the stable, the poultry house and the shrubbery of their modest enclosure.

From the attic to the cellar they looked in closets and cupboards, and even in chests, the lids of which the little creature would have been incapable of raising. The well was entirely closed up; on the soft earth there were no footprints, and finally, according to the testimony of the people of the neighboring farm, the dogs had not barked. Godfathers and godmothers hastened to the spot. One of them noticed that the lattice work of the gate was a little broken. "She might have gone out there," said he.

Beyond the cross road, too dry to have retained any footprints, stretched a grassy field.

"Provided she did not fall into the pool!" They ran hither; they were sure no such accident had befallen her.

Farther on, the woods which adjoin the forest of Monthilliers commenced. Fervin, his neighbors and his friends made a search, which, by the aid of the moonlight, was prolonged far into the night.

Marianne and the godmothers went from farm house to farm house to get information about the little girl.

"It is my opinion," said a worthy man, "that the authorities should be notified."

"Ah! a pretty thing to do, so that Marianne may be accused of not having taken good care of the child, and that it may be taken away from her."

"She is in the woods. The men will bring her back."

No one brought her back.

The next day the search recommenced without any information being given to those who had the asylum in charge. It was said that some one had had a glimpse of a wolf between the trees.

The Fervins are in a sad predicament. For one month's absence, Marianne is paying a heavy penalty. "What could hinder the wolf from carrying the child off?"

Each one had his say. "It do not believe the wolf story. The true mother of the child may have had her stolen from us to spare herself the short shame of having abandoned her here, some two years since."

"But the dogs?"

"Bah! dogs do not bark at people they know!"

"Whom do you suspect then? the godmother?"

"Indeed, I do not well know! but since the dogs have not barked it must be some one near here, who has done the deed. The fence is not high, and observing Marianne go out and the child by herself in the yard, the person must have called her and carried her away in their arms. The wood is quite near. Before we began the search, the little one was probably in the town."

What with gossiping over their suspicions a long day passed by.

Marianne mourned her loss.

Fervin ought frankly to have confessed all to the manager of the asylum, and was severely blamed for not having made his statement the very first evening. The best measures were taken. The police and foresters received orders. The Manager at the head of a squad of explorers, went himself to the forest.

On all the borders of the hamlet of Claires Monthilliers people talked of nothing but the disappearance of the little girl scarcely weaned, placed at the house of Fervin. Game-keepers, rangers and several young noblemen set out for the country.

No traces of wolves. Ponds, pools, reservoirs were searched without any result.

Naturally that part of the forest nearest the cottage of Fervin was especially examined. A child from twenty-five to twenty-six months old could not by itself have gone very far.

At the same time inquiries were made in the town. The commissary of the police,

with the description of the asylum dress of the little one, interrogated the lodging house keepers, the hackmen and the employees of the stage offices.

Everybody was posted in the news; the better, because the two dailies of the locality, the *Sheaf* and the *Vigilant*, took the matter up. They even began very soon a brisk discussion on the subject from which pleasantry was not excluded, because at last, the child was found again.

The version of the kidnapping by the real mother being accredited the search was given up; and besides it had not extended beyond a radius of four kilometers, when a young sailor named Marillet, who with knapsack on his back, was returning to his family, had within three leagues of Claires, perceived in a kind of hollow, the poor little one, pale, weak, worn out; her eyes wide open, dying of hunger, gnawing her fingers.

He approached her, asked some very useless questions (she was not old enough to reply) took her in his arms, and went on his way. Scarcely had he taken two hundred steps when she moaned and lost all consciousness. He believed her dead.

Half a league farther on he was met by some gamekeepers, who revived her, made her drink and finally carried back to the asylum the unfortunate little creature now lost three days.

The *Sheaf* entitled its touching account, "The Little Miraculously Saved One." The *Vigilant* attempted to explain the facts. "Children eat everything." Since this little one was not capable of relating her adventure, it must be taken for granted she had nibbled some wild fruits, while wandering through the thickets, where she must have fallen asleep in the tall grass, during the search for her. Everyone knows that the paths are a real labyrinth, that the copses are very thick, and that in the Canton of Claires, one cannot be seen ten steps off.

"She has been saved from all accidents, as Moses was from the waves," pursued the *Vigilant*. "Here the sailor, Marillet played the part of Pharaoh's daughter. This child preserved by a concatenation of improbable circumstances, well deserves the name of Moissette."

The *Sheaf* which held to "The Miraculously-Saved-Little-One" aspect of the case turned into ridicule the sailor of Pharaoh. The *Vigilant* called the *Sheaf* "a fagot of thorns." The jolly quarrel lasted three months by reason of two articles a week.

"Thanks to the most skillful treatment the 'Little one saved by a miracle' of the *Sheaf* is today 'The Little Resuscitated One.'"

"The biblical *Vigilant*," retorted the *Sheaf*, "does not let go of its Egyptian princess, returning knapsack on her back from fishing in the New World."

Happy the time when journals have no more serious subjects of discord. Besides, the rival papers whose editors voluntarily played their game of mimic quarreling, after having given with an equal enthusiasm the bulletin of the health of the interesting little invalid, rivalled each other in their manner of praising her prettiness.

And while looking on, the good public had from Moissette, the miraculously saved little one, made Moissette, a soubriquet which caused to be forgotten, as little as there was need of it, the name under which the child had been registered.

For the rest, the heroine of this simple story probably still lives. These pages may fall under her eyes, as under those of the various individuals mixed up in her experiences. It was fitting then to disguise all the proper names, and even those of the two journals, whose discussions cleverly prolonged, increased their sale, while exciting the general interest to a high pitch.

The *Vigilant* became realistic. The *Sheaf* launched into poetry. "She is fair," said the first, "her curling tresses of a beautiful fineness, make an exquisite framing to the oval of her face. Her large blue eyes are very brilliant. Her infantile smile excites sympathy. Everything about her is delicate. Pretty little feet, slender hands, which are taking again their natural symmetry. Her nose belongs to the Greek type. Her cheeks which are rounding out have recovered their rose tint. In her little figure Moissette is rarely proportioned. She gives promise of becoming one of the greatest beauties of Monthilliers."

The *Sheaf* ventured the words: "Star, cherub, miniature wood-nymph." It compared the arch of her lips to that of Diana's, her hair to the luminous rays of the rising sun-god. "The favorite of destiny thus resembles both children of Iatons."

Ha! The *Vigilant* which has been styled biblical, swelled with laughter while crushing the *Sheaf* under the epithet of mythological.

Far from being confused by it, the *Sheaf*, discarding vile prose, published three stanzas, very gracefully turned, which were recited in all the drawing-rooms of the town and at all the villas of the neighborhood. Upon which, the *Vigilant* published a complaint, which sung in the market-place, quickly went the rounds of the streets and was caught up in the rural district.

So it happened that one evening, M. Beret, a grain merchant, very comfortably off, broke the silence of a conjugal tete-a-tete by a deep sigh: "Ah! if only I had a child like this Moissette! I should have conspired a boy, but a girl would console me!"

Madame Beret, a gentle and benevolent woman, whose one great trouble was the not having gratified the paternal ambitions of her husband, did not resent this implied reproach.

Like all the inhabitants of Monthilliers, she had wished to see with her own eyes, the rescued, pretty little one described with so much rivalry by the two journalists.

The child had pleased her infinitely. She refrained however from making any reply until the next day at the same hour; but at the same hour the customary complaint elicited this response: "I have seen Moissette again," said she. "I have held her on my

knees and caressed her, the dear little darling, as though I were her mother. Neither the *Vigilant* nor the *Sheaf* has in verse, prose or in song said enough in praise of this pretty little angel. Only think my friend! she called me mamma of her own accord."

"All my neighbors are called papa," murmured Beret, with a mixture of good and bad humor.

"They told me at the Hospital," added his wife, "that several persons had already proposed to take upon themselves the charge of Moissette's education."

Beret gave a start in his easy chair.

"Oh! oh!" cried he; "that would be too much; to let her be taken away from us!"

"What do you mean?"

"But—I am only thinking of taking her ourselves!"

"So much the better!—Why then not speak of it?"

"Do you doubt what I say?"

"Never, my friend, never."

"But finally, what do the authorities say?"

"They distrust the effects of infatuation. The people who have applied are all too poor, too old, too young or too frivolous. The Director has absolutely refused until now."

"Very well!" declared Beret. "We have a little fortune and my business grows better. Thou art a woman of excellent mind and judgment. I am not a madcap sort of fellow. Without being in our first youth, we are far from being old. Oh! many women older than you, become mothers."

But after fifteen years of marriage, very unfortunately, there is nothing more to hope."

"This Moissette is a jewel," interrupted Madame Beret; "we might make a wonder of her."

"Without doubt."

"After reading her newspaper, the widow of Count Saint Jean immediately ordered her carriage, and went to promise to educate, to adopt, to give her a dowry—"

"Stupid creature!" muttered Beret; "by her sayings and unsayings last week she made me fall in an excellent business operation, by breaking off a bargain which had been proposed and I had accepted. In short, fortunately, the Director knew this whimsical countess: carnie in furore!"

"Moreover, he put her to flight in less than four words. An article of the law is opposed to the adoption of any child whose civil condition is irregular."

"Curious! but persons more reasonable than the Countess of Saint Jean may take the same proceedings. Do not let us lose a minute longer. I know how to want what I want! I! Now, I heartily wish for Moissette to take the place of the children that have been denied us; and she shall fill that place."

The next day Beret began negotiations; his wife entered warmly into his feelings and seconded him with zeal. They presented the best suitcases, and after long preliminaries, the administration consented, and the entire town approved, excepting the Countess of Saint Jean, who breathed fire and flames.

After ridiculous scenes, with which the community were greatly diverted, she pouted for six months and more, then went to pass the summer in sea-bathing at Havre, and the following winter did not show herself at Monthilliers.

Madame Beret employed Marianne Fervin (who since the adventure of the child had gone along uncomfortably enough with her husband) in the special service of Moissette, who was cared for, petted and heaped with caresses and delicate attentions.

People had acquired the habit of regarding her as the child of the Berets, whose affairs continued to prosper.

Marianne said to whoever cared to hear it, that her little angel had brought them happiness. Through her peace had returned to their dwelling also, because Fervin attached as they as well to the commercial house, gained some good days there, to which were added his regular wages. In the same way Madame Beret, a very intelligent woman, very active, and above all conciliating in her manner, no longer bearing the reproach of childlessness, had with her sweet disposition regained a precious part of her early influence.

Everywhere and always, peace engenders prosperity, as everywhere and always discord brings ruin. Moissette was, without contradiction, a pledge of peace in rendering herself dear, through her amiable qualities to Madame Beret, who devoted herself tenderly to her early education. Beret was enchanted at hearing himself called papa.

During four or five years things went on in this happy way. Moissette learned to read and to write. They even had her take some lessons in music. She was dressed in elegant taste, was intimate with the daughters of all the respectable families who, delighted with her happy disposition, praised her to their parents, and received everywhere the warmest welcome. Lulled to sleep with the "Complaint" of The *Vigilant*, she repeated it, not ignorant that it was her own story, but not understanding it well enough to have any suspicion she was not the child of papa and mamma Beret.

The sailor, Marillet, now pilot, always came to see her after each one of his voyages, but took care not to deceive her. She knew very well that she owed it to him that she did not die of hunger in the forest. He treated her like a little sister. She loved him like a brother, in which state of things the Berets found nothing to censure.

But later, the Marillet family left the country and were lost sight of, and besides, the pilot, now performing the duties of lieutenant, embarked on a large merchant ship, whose destination was the China seas, and where it was to remain a long time. All relations were thus broken off.

Then the most unexpected event suddenly modified all Beret's plans in regard to Moissette. Contrary to all anticipation, his wife became a mother, and—of a boy! Of a boy welcomed by the great grain merchant with unreasonable transports of joy.

He was intoxicated with happiness. After the birth of this son, whom they named

Paul, he became icy cold to Moissette; began to consider the expense she occasioned; dismissed Marianne, and as a companion blow, Fervin; stopped the music lessons and frowned when she called him papa, all of which terribly distressed Madame Beret.

"But, mamma, what shall I say instead of papa?" asked the little one.

"Call him 'my father,' that will be more proper, now that you are so large."

Beret had eyes only for his Paul, who was being spoiled as child never was before. Inevitable quarrels followed. Madame Beret, whose authority existed no longer, succeeded neither in protecting the sweet little girl, to whom her husband had taken a dislike, nor in correcting the disagreeable propensities of the little boy. Moissette, alas! now understood perfectly the song of her early childhood. Beret, in his fits of brutal temper, was brutally exact.

"This is my son, my true son! and that beggar there, ought to be in the Foundling Asylum, from which you made me take her, I don't know why."

"You will kill me, ungrateful one!"

"Oh! dear mamma, do not die!" said Moissette, bursting into tears.

"She is no more thy mamma than I am thy papa," interrupted Beret, who sometimes sent her rudely out of the room, sometimes went out himself, taking with him his fiendish little Paul, who was four or five years old, when the situation, growing worse day by day, became at all points intolerable.

A profound melancholy, which passed into sickness, was the consequence of it for Madame Beret, whose friends were alarmed. Moissette said to her, trembling and weeping, "Dear mamma, for your repose, for the sake of your health, send me back to the hospital. I shall love you none the less as long as I live."

"I send thee away! God forbid!" replied the poor woman, pressing her to her heart. They wept a long time together. The child, whose misfortune had cruelly developed her intelligence, was then at an age to reason and had no need of explanations.

"Let us still hope that my husband will return to better feelings. He has loved thee as much as I love thee; he was proud of thy sweet ways; forgive him his temper, and especially love him always. Thou knowest well, dost thou not, what it is to return good for evil?"

"Yes, I know," said Moissette, "and I shall never forget."

Beret boasted too much of being firm, not to be obstinate. As long as he had submitted to the sagacious influence of his wife, he had prospered. From the day of their discord he took the course opposed to her advice, everything was a failure. Moissette became, in reality, a much more perceptible charge in proportion as the father foolishly anticipated all the whims of Paul, and squandered in costly playthings and rich garments sums far beyond his means.

If Madame Beret remarked upon it, the name of Moissette was thrown at her with bitterness. The most unjust recriminations followed. Quite happy at no longer being rudely repulsed, Moissette was charming and really overcame the sullen moods of the rough merchant. He smiled when listening to her, accepted her caresses and grew serene.

Peace seemed re-established.

Unfortunately, Paul was jealous of the little marks of affection accorded by his father to Moissette, who increased in prettiness day by day. No one took warning from his ill humor. Artful as he was, he disguised it at first, but no longer restraining himself, he slipped into the little chamber of his young companion, and broke everything she had on the mantel-shelf. So much malice denoted a precocious perversity, which cruelly affected Madame Beret, still suffering. She rebuked him.

He pouted insolently, and as soon as she had withdrawn, went to pick up stones, with which to pelt the window-panes, the glasses, the globes of the time-pieces and costly vases. Moissette, frightened, ran to her mother.

"Mamma," cried she, "Paul is breaking everything. I have begged him to stop, but he has thrown stones at me also." Madame Beret dragged herself into the drawing room, and there, her strength failing her, she begged Moissette to help her in shutting up the naughty little boy, till his father's return. Paul, furious, scratched, bit and kicked, then he howled continually. His mother took her bed with an access of fever.

HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

Johannie lived in Western New York, near the famous Silver Lake camp ground. One day at Sunday-school the minister talked to the children about the duty of their making a right start early in life, and showed them what a safeguard the temperance pledge would be. He had a supply of triple-pledge cards on hand, and Johannie with many others gave his name. He carried the card home to his mother, with his name written on it in his very best style, and proudly showed it to his mother and father.

His good mother was very glad of his act, but his father only laughed. "Said he," "Why, Johnny, you don't understand this. You are too young to understand all it means."

"No, I ain't, papa," said Johnny. "I understand all about it. It means, if I always keep that pledge, I'll never come home as you did last Fourth of July."

His father said no more, but concluded that Johannie did know more than he gave him credit for.—Banner.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an illustrious missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 165 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

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VICTOR NORTON'S NEW YEAR'S BOX.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

It was New Year's eve, and the weather was the right kind for the season. A cold, cutting wind was blowing from the north, laden with a fine snow that stung like needle points as it struck the face of the men and women who thronged the streets, notwithstanding the bitter cold. But Victor Norton felt neither wind nor snow as he plunged along through the wintry storm; for within his heart tagged a fiercer storm, and the fire of indignation that coursed through his veins and tingled to the very tips of his fingers seemed hot enough to ward off the bitterest cold. Suddenly he tumbled against something, and only by an effort saved himself from falling headlong. An angry exclamation burst from him, and he would have hurried on, but for the words of apology that fell on his ear.

"Forgive me, sir; I could not help it. I am so miserable!"

The voice seemed to proceed from a shapeless bundle that was huddled on the sidewalk, and it trembled so that only the last word was quite audible to Mr. Norton.

"Miserable!" he repeated scornfully, "is anyone else miserable? They are miserable loves company, so stand up, brother in misery, if you so care, and tell me what is the matter. Perhaps we can comfort each other," he added, with a sarcastic laugh.

By this time the shapeless bundle had begun to move, and, slowly rising to its full height, looked up at Victor with a pair of despairing eyes, and the young man felt back a pace and stared at it, almost as if an apparition had risen before him.

"Good heavens!" he murmured, in a deeply shocked voice. "A little girl! Alone and homeless in the street on such a night. My poor child, have you lost your way? Tell me where you live and I will take you home."

"I have no home," said the little girl, looking at him with a pair of despairing eyes. "I'm mortal 'fraid of 'em. But I'm so cold and so hungry I hoped you was a perfect at first, tho' I'm kinder glad now that you ain't."

"Cold and hungry?" repeated Victor, "Well, thank God! I can soon cure that," and taking off his warm overcoat he wrapped it about the girl, covering her up from head to foot, and then as he caught sight of an empty carriage approaching he hailed the driver, and without waiting for him to stop, tore open the door, lifted the child, half smothered in her warm wrap, into the carriage, and bade the driver take them to the nearest restaurant.

It chanced to be a cheap but quiet and respectable eating-house before which the driver stopped, for he had already remarked to himself, "he believed the gent was a kidnapper! the little gal, and he meant to keep an eye on her for fear it wasn't all right." But his opinion of Victor considerably improved when the young man bade him wait, and subsequently told him to drive to the house of a lady whose name was well known throughout the city for kindness and benevolence of every kind.

Meantime, Victor had taken the little girl into the restaurant, and placed her at a table at the further end of the room, where they were comparatively isolated.

"Now, you are to order everything you can think of," he said kindly, as he freed the child's hands from the overcoat, but left it still wrapped about the scantily covered shoulders. The little creature was bareheaded, save for her own luxuriant but unkempt hair that fell over her forehead and eyes, though it was twisted in a loose, rough knot on the back of her head. Her wretched dress, such as it was, scarcely reached to her ankles, and her feet were at the mercy of cold and wet in their broken, tattered shoes.

Victor, although a rich and elegant young man, was country-bred; and in all his life he had never seen such a picture of wretchedness. His heart ached to see it, and a moisture that did credit to his feelings, dimmed his eyes as they rested on the forlorn child, and the expression of eager delight that came into her face at the words he had just spoken.

"Everything?" she repeated; "Oh, my! May I begin with an oyster stew, hot—boiling hot?"

"Of course you may; but first tell me your name," answered Victor with a new sense of enjoyment,—that of feeding the hungry.

"Emmelyn," returned the child; "I s'pose I have another name; but I never knew any other, and folks generally calls me Emmyn."

"A pretty little name, too," said Victor, "but I'm going to call you Emmelyn; it has a strange musical sound, and fits you. And for the other name, suppose we say Hope; that's a beautiful name, and you may hope for all sorts of pleasant things from this time forward; and now for the oysters to begin with!" and summoning a waiter, he gave the little girl's order, and added various suggestions which she was too timid or too inexperienced to think of for herself.

Never in her wildest dreams of banquets—dreams to which she often gave way to beguile the hungry reality—had Emmelyn imagined such a dinner as that which she now consumed. Victor, sitting opposite, watched her with an interest and pleasure that, for the time, dulled the edge of his own suffering, whatever it was; but which he had thought was keener and more humiliating than had ever known before; and when the child at last leaned back in her chair, unable to eat another morsel, said kindly, the girl's elegant young man fixed kindly, though half laughing, on her happy face.

"O, sir," she exclaimed, sitting upright as soon as she met his eyes, "I don't know how to thank you; but I'll live for years on the merriment of this supper!"

"Not a bit of it, Emmelyn," said Victor, laughing, "you shall have as good a one every day of your life from this time forward,—and new come along."

The lady to whom Victor took his "find," as he called her, was his aunt; and after he had told the child's story, as well as he knew it, to her, he added: "She's to be my charge, Aunt Julia remember. It will be one good way of spending at least a part of the fortune a kind fate has given me—and if I rescue this girl from misery and add one good woman to the thousand of empty-hearted creatures who go by that name I shall feel that I have not lived quite in vain. But you must keep an account of all her expenses, mind, and I am to be charged with everything, if it is only a pair of gloves. And under your care I know she will grow up worthy of all I can do for her."

"Thank you, my dear; but what makes you so bitter against my poor sex to-night?"

"Only that I have learned the truth of your words, Aunt Julia. You warned me against Edith May; but I would not listen to you. Well, she has cured me of my infatuation tonight by a few laughing words. You know how I adored her—I told her so, altho' she knew it too well already—I asked her to be my wife, and she laughed at me, saying she had only been amusing herself—that I was no longer amusing since I had grown tragic, and then she bade me good-night, and went to dress for the opera."

"Well," said Mrs. Malcom, gravely, "and I can't say I'm sorry, Victor. She was not the right sort of wife for you, and you'll live to be glad she refused you tonight."

"Perhaps so, Aunt Julia," said the young man with a sigh and a bitter laugh; "but that's too far in the future to comfort me now. Good-night and good-bye!"

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Malcom, anxiously.

"O, not to the river, dear aunt—it's too cold—nor to any form of dagger or poison. Don't fear for me; though I was mad enough for anything until I stumbled over that dear little girl. She thinks I saved her life—I know she saved mine. And good-bye, indeed."

Mrs. Malcom drew the angry, flushed, handsome face down to a level with her own and kissed it affectionately; she said: "You have my blessing, dear Victor, wherever you go, and good-bye."

It was a good-bye, too, but that blessing still clung to Victor through the many years that passed till he came back to the dear old aunt again. It was on another New Year's Eve, five years later, a clear, cold, freezing afternoon, and the bells were ringing merrily along the street; but not more merrily and joyously than Victor Norton's heart was beating as he clasped his Aunt Malcom to his heart, and kissed her as if he had been her own son.

"How well you look!" she exclaimed, gazing with admiration into the bronzed and bearded face of the traveler, "and how happy, and oh, my! Victor, how handsome! I must tell you so. I suppose it will turn your head to receive such compliments from a gushing creature like me, but I can't help it, dear."

"I'll try to bear it, Aunt Julia," laughed Victor. "And now, where's Emmelyn—where's my little girl? You can't think how interesting the thought of her has become! I have pictured her to myself a thousand times,

THE HOUSEHOLD.

WASHING DISHES.

With a slip and a hop
And a jolly dish mop
And a pan of bubbling water;
With the linen so dry,
And her fingers so spry,
Only look at little daughter.

She has marshalled each ware
With an orderly care,
And she daintily dips it under;
Not a drop, not a dint
Not a speckle of lint,
For her cleaning it is a wonder.

See the tinkling glass,
In a sparkling mass,
And the shining silver round it;
For, you know, there's a way,
To turn work into play,
And the thrifty lass has found it.

So the plates and the knives,
Lead hilarious lives,
And the cups and the saucers rollic;
Even kettles and pans,
In her generous plans,
Take the scraping for a frolic.

—St. Nicholas.

TO THE MOON AND BACK.

BY LILLIE W. BARR.

A princess, who lived in a valley fair,
Set out for a walk in the evening air;
For a slice of green cheese to the moon she went,
And eighty-one pennies for star cakes spent.

For lantern she carried a live fire-fly,
And she held it high in the deep blue sky;
So high that it looked like a star astray,
And made an astronomer work all day.

Then, just as tired as tired could be,
She came back again and made her tea;
And left the astronomer searching round,
For the beautiful star that never was found.

—N. Y. Independent.

HOW TED WAS LOST.

"Nellie, take good care of Ted, dear, while I am gone, and don't get so much interested in your book that you cannot watch him."
"All right, mamma, I'll take the best of care of him," Nellie answered; and she really meant to keep her word, for she was very proud of being trusted to take care of her little brother.

For a little time Ted played so happily on the floor with his blocks that Nellie went back to her book, and was soon completely absorbed in its pages.

Ted presently grew tired of playing alone; and, jumping up from the floor, he came over to his sister and pulled her dress to attract her attention.

"Go away," Ted, and play with your blocks like a good boy," Nellie said, loosening the small, clinging hands and gently pushing Ted away.

The little fellow wandered over to the window and stood there disconsolately for some minutes, feeling very lonely since sister would not play with him.

"I want mamma," he said at last, with a little quiver in his voice.

"O Ted, don't tease so!" exclaimed Nellie, impatiently. "Sit down and play nicely. I want to finish this story."

Ted pouted a little at her impatient tone. "I am going to find mamma," he said; and presently his little feet pattered out into the hall.

He was so quiet there that Nellie thought he must have found something to amuse himself with, and kept on with her story without looking to see what her little brother was about.

Ted felt so lonely and neglected that he had quite made up his mind to go in search of mamma.

So, putting on the old garden hat, with a feather fantastically thrust through the crown,—which was his chief delight,—he took the great family umbrella, and, softly opening the back-door, crept out as quietly as a mouse.

If Nellie had not been so absorbed in her book, she might have heard the patter of the steps going down the gravelled walk, and the click of the latch as Ted pushed open the gate, and went out into the alley that ran along at the foot of the garden; but she had forgotten all about her little charge.

Ted was now bent upon making a voyage of discovery, and he wandered down the alley, trailing the big umbrella after him, till he reached the street. At a little distance a stable-door stood open, and a man was washing a carriage in front of it. Ted watched the operation for a while with great interest, and then, growing tired of this, wandered into the stable and climbed upon a pile of soft, sweet-scented hay.

"S'pose that man will think I've gone home," he thought gleefully, as he nestled down into the hay and pulled it over himself.

His hiding-place was so comfortable and fragrant that he lay there in dreaming content, not noticing that the man had finished his work and was making preparations to go.

Suddenly the great door was shut, and Ted realized that he had been locked in. He screamed with terror, and, making his way over to the door in the dim light, pounded on it with all his baby strength, and called to the man to come back and let him out.

The man was whistling, and did not hear the faint cries that came through the closed door, as he kept on his way. When his tune died away in the distance, Ted knew that he could not get out. He threw himself down on the floor and cried as if his heart would break, he was so frightened at being locked up in the dark stable.

Somebody else was frightened, too. Nellie had finished her story, and, as she closed the book, she remembered with a pang of conscience that she had been sadly neglecting her little charge.

"Ted!" she called. "Where are you, darling? Come here, and sister will play with you now."

But no Ted answered; and, though Nellie searched the house from cellar to attic, she could not find a trace of the little fellow.

Perhaps you can imagine her grief and alarm, as well as mamma's terror, when she came home, to learn that her baby boy was lost.

For an hour they searched everywhere, with pale faces and tearful eyes. Mamma

uttered no word of reproach to Nellie for her carelessness, for her remorse was punishment enough.

Perhaps Ted's imprisonment might have lasted until the following morning, had not the stableman had occasion to use his clasp-knife.

He felt for it in all his pockets without success, and at last remembered that he had used it while he was at work in the stable to cut a strap, and had left it there on a stool.

He went to get it, and, when he opened the door, he uttered an exclamation of surprise; for he nearly tumbled on little Ted who had sobbed himself into a troubled slumber.

"Poor little fellow! I wonder how I came to lock him in," thought the kind-hearted man. "He must have been scared!"

Stopping over, he took the little boy up in his strong arms. Ted opened his eyes, and saw at last the dreadful door was opened, and he could escape.

"Put me down," he cried, struggling to regain his feet. "I want to go home to my mamma."

"Do you know the way home," asked the man.

"Course I do," Ted answered, indignantly; and, as soon as the man put him down, he seized his old umbrella and started off with a decision that showed that he knew where he was going.

A comical object he was as he came up the street, with his old hat nearly hiding his dusty, straw-stained face, and the umbrella trailing after him. Yet mamma and Nellie never stopped to think of that, for they were so glad to see the little wanderer.

I need not tell you that Nellie did not soon forget the lesson of faithfulness to trust that had caused her so much sorrow. If she was ever afterward tempted to grow impatient when left in charge of her brother, she remembered how miserable she felt when he was lost and she was afraid that she would never have him again.

UNFORGOTTEN.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

Oh, little child, so very long away,
Not vain thy life, thy brief and happy day.
How blessed was the sunshine thou didst make;
All thou didst love is dearer for thy sake.

All things since then with softer eyes are seen,
And better is my heart that thou hast been.
Oh, little child, behind I linger stay,
I know not why, and thou so long away!

—Youth's Companion.

THE KITE.

A Fable.

BY SYDNEY CLARE.

A boy had made a large kite and took it out, as the wind was strong, to fly it. The birds looked on, astonished to see what to them was a huge monster rising high in the air. They kept at a distance, fearing that the great bird would catch and devour them. The kite noticed their fear and resolved to make them still more afraid, and to impress them with its own greatness.

When the string was all out, the wind blowing quite hard, the kite tugged more strongly at the cord, and pitched this way and that, as the birds came near on either side. "Take care, you little things," shouted the kite; "keep out of my way, or there will be nothing left of you. I do wish to be bothered with such little mites as you are. If you were large enough to make it worth while I might eat a dozen of you; but I must have a full meal when I begin; so will wait until a few hundreds of you are together."

The birds listened, frightened and amazed. They feared that the great creature would devour, yet were so curious to see what it was that they could hardly keep at a safe distance. They saw, after watching for awhile, that the kite could not chase them very far, as it went only a certain distance in either direction and then returned. Gradually they became bolder, and, while keeping out of the monster's reach, talked about its movements and its power to catch and eat them. One or two of the boldest flew above the kite and dared it to chase them. Fortunately for the kite, a stronger gust of wind than usual struck it and at once it mounted up swiftly after the daring little birds. Screaming with terror they flew away, nor did they stop until the branches and leaves of a large tree sheltered them.

"I told them to beware," shouted the kite to those who had remained more respectful; "let them or any of you dare me again, and it will be your last."

The birds were very respectful and kept at a safe distance, yet watched every movement of the huge flying creature, studying and wondering and fearing. In low voices they talked to each other, but said little to the kite.

The boy grew tired of holding the string, so began to pull the kite down. When it felt itself going it called out:

"I am going home, now, but will be back again some day, then bring as many of your friends as you can find, that I may have a dinner of birds. I shall be rather hungry by that time."

When the kite had gone the birds discussed its appearance more boldly, and wondered whether or not it would come again, and if it did, whether or not it would really eat them all.

"I don't believe its talk," said a young robin. "It boasted too much. It said much, yet did nothing."

"Did nothing," replied one of those who had dared the kite; "had you been chased as it chased us you would not say that it did nothing. We thought we were sure to be killed. Had we not flown so fast we would have been eaten now."

"Had you looked around sooner," answered the robin, "you would have seen that you were not chased at all, except that the monster flew a little higher, when you were above and dared it. Had it meant or been able to chase you, it would have flown towards the tree; but it did not do that way. I watched all it did and saw that it could

only go up and down and to one side or the other, and for only a short distance at that. I am not afraid of such birds. Let it come again and I will fight for any one who dares to chase him. It cannot chase; it is fast. I tell you it is able to talk a great deal and do very little. Such creatures need not to be feared. I am not old but have learned to dread only those who do first and talk afterwards. Those who talk so much of what they are going to do usually do it all with their tongues."

The birds were half convinced by the robin's speech, and had far less fear of the kite. They watched, however, for the kite with no little doubt. They had noticed that the robin said nothing of daring himself, but said that he would fight for others who dared the kite to chase them. It might be that the robin was afraid at heart; and it might be that the kite would devour every bird it could find. The first appearance might have been its midday; the next time it might come to chase and kill and eat.

It was not many days before the boy sent up his kite again. The birds were watching. As the preparations were made the bold young robin came near and took a look at the kite as it lay on the ground. He looked and studied and thought, but said nothing.

When the kite was about ready to go up it said, "What are you looking at, you little mite? Get out of the way or I'll eat you."

"I was just looking," replied the robin, meekly, "to find your mouth down which a few hundreds of us birds would have to go to-day, but I can't find it. Did you leave your eating mouth at home?"

"Just wait until I am ready to rise, and I will show where my eating mouth is," said the kite, angrily. "If I swallow you I will hardly know that I have found you."

"Please, Mr. Kite, may I ask on which side of your stomach it is," inquired the bird, timidly; "or did you forget to bring that, too?"

"My stomach you may never find," spoke the kite, gruffly; "for all I shall do with you will be to knock you over as I go after something worth catching."

"Please may I, since I amount to nothing, sit on the fence and see you go up," pleaded the robin. "I would like to see you fly once more before you kill me. You can do that just as well when you come down as now. You will not have any blood on you to hinder your flying."

The kite would not answer this question, nor did it take any notice of the bird, for the boy was ready, and in a moment the kite was rising swiftly in the air.

The other birds who had gathered around and listened to the robin were surprised at his questions, but soon left the little bird sitting alone on the fence as they followed, though at a safe distance, the huge monster. When the string was all out and the kite was up as high as it could go the robin left his place on the fence and flew up into the air.

"May I please pass you?" asked the robin, most respectfully, as he approached. "I would like to go up some distance, for the air down here is rather bad; I am tired of flying so near the ground."

"If you go higher I will chase you," replied the kite, and it will be your last flight."

"Perhaps that is true," spoke the robin, "I do not care to have you follow me, as the other birds might think I was taking you away from home. No, you must not chase me; it would not be well for you; the string holding you is not long enough."

"You do not know what I can do," answered the kite. "If you go higher I will go after and bring you down; that is, what is left of you when I take hold."

"Well, if you mean to follow me, something must be done with that string," replied the robin; "for it is impossible for you to rise. If you must go up I will help you by breaking the string." Saying this the robin began pecking at the cord a short distance from the kite, and was steadily pulling it to pieces.

"Let that string alone, you rascal!" shouted the kite. "Let it alone or I'll pounce on you! I'll kill you! I'll eat you up! Let it alone, I say! Do you hear me? If you don't obey there will soon be nothing left of you! I warn you in time!"

But the robin pecked away, only answering: "You cannot go any higher while this string holds you down. A great bird like you should never be fastened in such a way. If you are to fly higher some one must set you free. There! Now come! You are free to rise as high as you wish." This he said as the last strand of the cord was broken.

But the kite did not rise. The birds, looking on wondering at the boldness of the robin, were amazed to see the kite at once go pitching and tumbling down to the ground with one end and then the other ahead.

"There you see," said the robin, "what that boaster is when left to itself. It is as helpless as a leaf in the wind, when the cord is broken, and must go where the wind drives it."

The poor kite landed in a tree and was broken and torn in pieces by the wind.

Many boasters are like the kite, able to say great things, but powerless when the string binding them to others is broken. They not only are unable to keep good their words, they are unable to help themselves when separated from those helping them.—N. Y. Observer.

Housekeepers and Housewives.

I have heard mothers declare that they never found time to read to their little ones; and to tell them a story would have seemed a frightful waste of time, and I have looked at the ruffles on the pinafores and skirts of those little ones, and reflected that the ironing alone, to say nothing of the making of those beruffled garments would take more time than the reading or telling of many stories.

I am not by any means a model housekeeper, but my children love their home,

and although the paint is sometimes grim and the windows dingy, my boys who are well-grown lads, declare that they can find no place so pleasant. I do not deny that it is a cross to a woman to look at undone work, but like most crosses, the longer and more cheerfully you carry it the lighter it grows. Let the making of your home be your first work, the care of your house the second, and your husband and children will be happier. When you find that you are overworking yourself, use your ingenuity in discovering how many things can be left undone. If I were a man I would sooner put up with considerable dirt, than with sighs and groans of a physically exhausted woman, for the women who work themselves "to death," are seldom such heroines as not to tell of it.—Selected.

New Year Suggestions.

With the New Year, the special gift-making ends. The worst feature of New Year's gifts seems to be that they are usually given as a return for those received at Christmas or to those who were accidentally overlooked at that time. Both positions are "unfortunate." The gift that causes the receiver to feel an obligation which he hastens to cancel, had better never have been made and almost every giver will feel this, when the gift in some new form is returned. Those overlooked at Christmas will feel the omission quite as acutely as if remembered at New Year's as if the gift was not received at all.

But there are those who prefer to observe the New Year's advent with greater gaiety than the Christmas time, feeling specially moved by the growth of the years to mark their passing with dainty souvenirs and festive gatherings. New Year's cards are almost as obsolete as those formerly sent at Christmas time. Indeed the fancy for sending cards ran so high that it really had to pass away. Not only were Christmas, New Year's, Easter and the several holidays thus observed but birthdays were marked thus and even those oppressed with grief had the days of their bereavement invaded by these decorated cards. When it is remembered how few possess the delicacy which selects fit messages that whisper to the recipient such loving thoughts as one cannot trust one's self to utter, and how many intrude with obnoxious pictures and long strings of meaningless rhymes, so that it is not to be wondered at that the people weary of this and that the card sending became a nuisance instead of a delight and has passed away.

The two gifts naturally suggesting themselves first of all as specially appropriate for New Year's are diaries and calendars. Before presenting the first certain considerations must be made. It is useless to give a diary to one who lacks purpose to such an extent that after filling the space for a few weeks with little nothings, will abandon the work entirely. It is not at all necessary that the receiver be accustomed to keep a diary, the receipt of a pretty book with the accompanying pencil may serve as a hint that you at least think that there is something in this life worth recording, and may establish a practise unknown to him before. But those who keep diaries year after year should have them of uniform size and unless familiar with the desired kind such a gift will hardly be appreciated.

Notwithstanding many business firms issue works of art as calendars, which they distribute gratuitously, many object to having upon the walls of their homes the advertisement of any firm, however attractively the advertisement is presented.

A calendar is no less useful however, and may be daintily arranged so as to make a very pretty and appreciated gift. A plush panel sometimes is made to hold calendar and thermometer also. These panels are easily made by covering this board like that used in cigar boxes, or card board with plush or satin. The panel has a prettier appearance if first washed with cotton before covering with silk or plush. Painting may be introduced if desired. The tiny thermometers and calendars can be obtained ready to be attached to the panel.

Calendar.

A pretty calendar is made of the rough art board, cut the desired size, say nine inches long and six inches wide. Measure from the top, two inches and one inch from the edges on the left hand side, cut two slits, a half an inch apart and an inch wide. Into this run an inch-wide ribbon upon which is written in gold paint the months of the year one below the other. The ribbon should extend below the cardboard three inches and is pretty if fringed deeply at the ends. This can be slipped easily so that the present month may be over the slit and be easy to see. An inch to the right of this and an inch lower down in the cardboard cut two similar slits and knot ribbon of the same width and color on which are written the days of the month and lastly an inch nearer the right hand insert a ribbon in the same way to indicate the days of the week. This can be made prettier by pen sketching on the upper part of the calendar or an appropriate selection, while a more gorgeous effect is produced by painting a pretty spray of flowers.

As this is specially a calling season, a card-case is specially appropriate.

Card-Case.

A pretty card-case is made of chamois matching the dress in color. This should be cut twice the length desired and its two edges brought toward the centre forming two pockets for cards. It may be lined with satin or soft leather and sewed together neatly on the inside and turned. The inside edges of the pockets may be finished with button-hole stitching. Any decoration of paint or pen work that is desired may be used. These few hints may suggest many other articles to busy brains for deft fingers to perform.

Recent Sachets.

Dainty combinations of satin and plush form sachet bags for the dressing case. These are pretty without decoration but may

be painted with lovely effect. Pale blue satin lined with lemon-colored plush, the lining showing at the top, is lovely. Nile green satin with pink plush lining is quite as charming.

New Year's Table.

Breakfast.

Fruit should always be served first of all in the morning and if oranges are not obtainable, apples may take their place. Pile them prettily on a dish so as to make them attractive.

After fruit serve oatmeal, cracked wheat or any of the cereals so nutritious as to form an essential part of each meal. The manner of preparing has already been given here.

Tenderloin Steak.

Tenderloin steak should be cut in slices at least an inch thick and broiled over clear coals for eight minutes, turning frequently, then season and serve at once.

Stewed Potatoes.

Cut a quart of cold boiled potatoes into dice and put them into the double boiler, dredge them with a tablespoonful of flour, salt and pepper, then add a pint and a half of milk, into which a tablespoonful of parsley and two tablespoonfuls of butter have been served. Put on the cover and let them boil for ten minutes, then serve.

Rolls.

Sift two quarts of flour, a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Rub in thoroughly a cupful of butter. Beat two eggs thoroughly and mix with a pint of milk and quarter of a cake of compressed yeast. Knead this for twenty minutes or longer and make into rolls. When they have risen so that they are very light, bake quickly then brush them over with white of egg and let them stand in the oven to glaze over.

Coffee.

Coffee served with this breakfast will make all that is needed.

Dinner.

Oysters on Half Shell.

Just before serving open the oysters required. Allow from four to six oysters to a person. Group the shells prettily on a dinner plate and put three thin slices of lemon between the outer edges of the shells as they rest on the plate.

Roast Rabbit.

The rabbit must have its head removed and be thoroughly cleaned. After washing season with salt and pepper and stuff with the following.

Stuffing.

Chop fine a pound of cooked veal and a quarter of a pound of pork, add four pound crackers, a tablespoonful of mixed poultry seasoning, a tablespoonful of salt and a little pepper. Put the stuffing in the rabbit while hot and sew up the opening. Put the rabbit on its knees and skewer firmly. Rub it over with butter and bake quickly until well done. Put on a large platter and make a border of mashed potatoes. Garnish with parsley. Serve with currant jelly.

Dessert.

Indian and Apple Pudding.

Boil a quart of milk in the double boiler, add slowly half a cup of Indian meal as it boils, then let it cook half an hour, add half cup of molasses, a teaspoonful of salt, half a tablespoonful of chopped suet and a pint of pared and quartered apples. Then pour into a buttered pudding dish and bake two hours or more.

Tea or Lunch.

Serve either tea or lunch.

Oyster Pie.

Cover the bottom and sides of a deep pie plate with a rich pie crust; drain the oysters and fill a dish with them, add salt, pepper, butter and minced hard boiled eggs; cover with a rich crust which should have a hole cut in the centre and ornamented with leaves cut from the pie crust.

Preserved Peas.

Put a little over one quart sugar into the kettle with just enough water to moisten it. Boil and drop into it two quarts of pared and halved peas. Cook slowly several hours. When the peas look clear, seal up hot in glass jars.

Quintol will cure catarrhal deafness. Also cures caused by enlarged tonsils, or discharges from the head.

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